# when they said it by BlueWall (MsMrs)

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Will and Mike are spending their first Christmas together as boyfriends. Will is tired of hiding, so he decides it's time for an important step for both of them.

## when they said it

**Author's Note:**

> Okay, so I had this waiting on my hard drive for a week. Don't know why I didn't up it earlier. It's just weird to think, I started this series smutty, but can't really get back to it. The fluffy bits are just all I want right now. There will be smut eventually, though. Enjoy.

Will had always loved Christmas, ever since he could remember. From the beginning, it had been a magical time of decorating the house, baking, and more importantly *eating*, cookies with his mom and Jonathan. It had been a time of sledding in the snow, exchanging gifts, and not having to deal with dad, who had always vanished one or two days before Christmas Eve, not to be seen again for days, sometimes until after new year‘s. It had been hours spent with his friends and *Mike,* huddled up in front of the TV.

Times had changed eventually. Lonnie Byers had mercifully left his family, making Christmas an even more enjoyable experience for Will, even if it was just because a constant threat, lingering, waiting to return to the house, had been eliminated by his parents‘ divorce. So, Will had spent three, in retrospect, blissful years, that, in reality, had been riddled with bullying, bruises and black eyes. Still, in the light of the events that struck later, these had been the happiest years of Will‘s young life.

So, in 1983, things had changed again, not for the better this time. Sure, Will had returned, but his world had fallen apart. Or he himself had fallen apart. Maybe both. Nothing had been the same after that. Will had spent Christmas of 1983 crying into Jonathan‘s shirt, telling his family about the flashbacks for the first time. About the slugs he had been choking up for weeks. And Mike hadn‘t been there, mourning a loss too great for any of their friends to grasp.

Another year had passed, this time in a constant nightmare of sleepless nights, visits to Hell, pain, and loneliness. The inevitable climax around Halloween of 1984 had wreaked havoc on everyone‘s lives once again, but with the possibility of healing. The girl called Eleven had returned. Will‘s connection to the realms of monsters had been cut for good, and all that remained were the relentless night terrors. Still, Will hadn‘t complained, unwilling to put his friends and family through more than they had already been through. He had spent months hovering above a black hole, sinking in ever so slowly, until that fateful night in the summer of 1985, that had changed everything.

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The future looked just a bit brighter on December 23rd, 1985. Will‘s wounds were still there, stitched up and aching, but not bleeding or festering anymore. They‘d leave scars, ugly and disfiguring, invisible to a bystander. Will knew that full well, but he also knew, he wasn‘t the only one. Him and his friends, they were now a party made up of scars and fear, but alive and together nonetheless. They all understood, and that was enough for Will to keep going. That, and the fact that he was absolutely positive, he‘d spend the remainder of his life with Mike, come whatever may.

Sometimes, Will even dared to be happy, care free and content. Like right now. Jonathan was home for the holidays, after his first months in New York, but at the moment, he was running late errands with their mom, so it was just Will and Mike, alone in the house that now smelled of the Christmas tree, of cookies with cinnamon and frosting. Will had put their oversupply of colorful lights to good use, and so, in contrast to the blackness outside the windows, the living room looked like a rainbow had exploded there. And right in the middle of the jungle of cables, string lights, and shining decorations, Will and Mike

were sitting on the slightly torn up couch, pressed as close to each other as possible, a terrible, Christmas themed quilt wrapped around the both of them. Cups of hot chocolate long emptied, they had the blanket pulled up up to their chins, Will‘s head resting on Mike‘s shoulder.

Under the blanket, their legs were entangled, arms tight around each other, and Will was sure, he never wanted to leave this place. He had his eyes closed, but could see the swirling colors of the lights around them. The TV was still on, with the volume turned down so that Will could hear soft music playing in the background. It didn‘t drown out Mike‘s slow and steady breathing, the most beautiful sound Will had ever heard.

Will hated to break the silence, but there was something on his mind, something so urgent, it couldn‘t wait any longer. His mom and Jonathan would probably be home soon. Lazily, he opened his eyes, and smirked at the sight of the window. The lights from the living room even colored the snow that was falling in the dark outside. To get Mike‘s attention as softly as he could, he began slowly rubbing his left hand up and down the taller teen‘s side where it had been resting. Mike hummed comfortably, turning his head to meet Will‘s gaze.

„All good?“ he asked quietly, with a gentle squeeze to Will‘s shoulder.

„Yeah.“ he replied. „Beautiful, isn‘t it?“

„What do you mean?“

Will laughed at that. „The lights, genius! And you!“

„Me?“ Mike furrowed his brows. „Beautiful?“

„You‘re cute.“ Will clarified, feeling it was necessary. „Especially with the lights.“ He leaned forward to kiss Mike on the corner of his mouth. The brief contact left his own lips tingling.

„Cute…“ Mike huffed, grinning from ear to ear. „Girls are cute. Puppies are cute. I‘m a man.“

„Do you think I‘m cute?“ Will chuckled.

„Well… yeah, but-“

„So I‘m not a man?“

Mike looked dumbfounded, even absent to some degree. It took a while, and a few more gentle kisses, before he regained his quick-witted ways. „Okay… I guess we‘re not men yet.“

„No.“ Will sighed. „But your voice has been cracking lately.“

„Okay…“ Mike laughed. „Is that what we‘re talking about now? Like, list all the places you‘ve been growing hair on lately?“ Will felt

himself blush heavily at Mike‘s words. As much trust as there was between the two of them, it just felt too early to talk about these things, or to even consider *trying* anything. There were many steps they‘d have to take before that, and Mike seemed to realize, the topic was making Will uncomfortable. „Sorry.“ he muttered. „You just wanted to compliment me, and I... ugh, that was stupid.“

„It was cute.“ Will corrected, giving his boyfriend another light peck. „Don‘t try to tell me otherwise. But... that‘s not what I wanted to talk about.“

„Something‘s been bugging you all day, hasn‘t it?“

„Yeah.“

„Sorry I only noticed now.“

Will couldn‘t stop himself. It seemed like Mike tended to apologize way too often, and so Will had made it his mission to kiss Mike whenever that happened. „Nothing to be sorry for. You know it‘s just that I‘m... this is exhausting, isn‘t it?“

„What?“ Mike looked rightfully confused, as Will had trouble explaining.

„We‘re constantly on the lookout, Mike. I mean, all the secrecy. What do you think, how often have we jumped apart since the summer?“ He took a long, deep breath, bracing himself for making his decision

known. „We need a place where we can be ourselves. I wanna tell mom and Jon.“

„About us.“ Mike said, as if he needed the verbal confirmation.

„About us.“ Will confirmed. For reasons unknown to him, his heart felt heavy and too high up at the thought. Like a lump, pulsating in his throat. How could he be so damn scared of facing his own mom and brother? They‘d understand. They‘d support him. Still, there was just that tiny amount of doubt somewhere in the back of Will‘s head, like the smallest splinter, hard to find but painful. Will could only stand in awe at how well Mike understood him, when his boyfriend said

„They love you, no matter what.“ The certainty in Mike‘s voice was so calming, so believable, that Will melted into his embrace. „When do you wanna do it?“

„That‘s the thing...“ Will‘s face scrunched uncomfortably, expecting Mike to back away. „I‘ve been thinking about this for so long. I think it has to be today, or I‘ll never find the courage.“ Mike took a sharp inhale, understanding what that meant, but softened immediately.

„I‘ll be with you.“

Mike‘s words were like an electric shock, a wonderful burst of energy and hope, that made him blurt out „I love you.“, without even thinking about it. He only realized what had just happened, when lips crashed against lips. Both teens were out of breath when they pulled back, foreheads pressed together.

„I love you.“ Mike giggled. „Should have told you that years ago.“

„I love you.“ Will repeated, just to hear the sound of those words again. To test out their immense power.

„Tell you what.“ Mike whispered. „I‘ll get us more hot chocolate, and then we‘ll think about how we‘re gonna pull this off.“

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Will‘s heart was in his throat, when he heard snow and gravel crunching under tires. It wasn‘t Mike‘s hand on his shoulder that pulled Will out of it, though. It was the front door swinging open, letting in a swirl of thick and puffy snowflakes, before Jonathan and Joyce appeared, both carrying towers of boxes. The sight of them left Will calmer than before, but still anxious. He missed Mike‘s warmth already, although they had separated on the couch just seconds ago.

„Hi mom.“ Will greeted casually. Jonathan had already found his way to the kitchen, while Joyce was still trying to navigate the living room. She obviously had a hard time seeing where she was going, and the low dangling light strings didn‘t help that. „Need any help?“

„It‘s okay, honey.“ she sighed. „Just... stay put. I got this.“ From their place on the comfortable couch, both boys watched her stumbling, until she finally managed to make it to kitchen, without dropping a single one of the boxes she was carrying.

„Give them some time to settle down?“ Mike whispered into Will‘s ear, and he nodded in approval. It took a while. Will could still hear Jonathan and Joyce rummaging in the kitchen, and slowly, the suspense was killing him. Not only the prospect of revealing his most well hidden secret to them, but also his inability to find more comfort in Mike. Ever since Will‘s family had come home, they had kept a chaste distance to each other, and Will just wanted to be close to his boyfriend again. Further proof, that telling them was long overdue.

„Okay. I‘m gonna try and get some studying done now.“ Will heard Jonathan‘s voice, after the noises had died down.

„It‘s time.“ Mike said gently, giving Will a soft kiss to the cheek. „Let‘s go.“ Will took a shaky breath, and let himself get pulled to his feet by Mike. Together, they walked the short distance to the kitchen, that seemed to stretch for an eternity. Joyce was sitting at the table, cigarette between her fingers, studying a catalog for some local store, while Jonathan was just about to leave for his room, that was now technically a pretty much empty guest room, save for a bed and a few empty shelves.

„Jonathan, can you stay for a moment?“ Will croaked, and Jonathan came to a halt in the door frame, a perplexed frown forming.

„Anything wrong, bud? You don‘t sound good.“

Joyce looked up from the paper, brows furrowed equally. „Sore throat?“ she asked. Will felt compelled to clear his throat, so that he could speak more freely.

„No, I‘m good. Just...“ He had his left hand in his pocket, where it was shaking lightly. Mike‘s presence so close, but too far away for his liking, helped a bit, but it was still up to Will. He couldn‘t ask Mike to do this for him. „...want to talk to you.“ Joyce gave him a warm, reassuring smile, that somehow didn‘t make it a lot better.

„Wanna sit down, sweetie?“ His mom pulled him a chair.

„I‘d... like to stand.“ Will said quietly, subconsciously preparing to run. „Not gonna take long.“ He had already forgotten all the words and phrases he and Mike had made up in the last half hour.

„Are you sure you‘re okay?“ Joyce chuckled. „Last time I saw you like that was when you set Mrs. Worby‘s mailbox on fire.“

„Mom...“ Will rolled his eyes. „This is serious. I... I don‘t know...“ With that, his voice failed him again. It was frustrating, to say the least. Mike didn‘t say anything, but Will didn‘t blame him. There was nothing he could do. „Okay.“ he finally sighed. „I just want you to know... I‘m still me. R- right?“ When his breath quickened, Will cursed himself for being unable to just spill the beans and get on with his life. But he doubted he‘d even be able to get on with his life after this. He cursed himself even more, when his mom got up, came around the table, and pressed a hand to his forehead.

„I‘m not sick, mom!“ Will complained. Jonathan was there just as quickly.

„Hey, Will, whatever it is, it‘s okay.“ he tried to reassure his little brother, and Will finally thought he‘d found the courage to say it.

„I like boys.“ he blurt out so fast, he thought they hadn‘t understood. But Will just couldn‘t say it again, closing his eyes instead. When two lean arms suddenly wrapped around him, he jumped with a start. There was also a hand on his shoulder. Will‘s eyes snapped open, but most of his vision was taken up by his mom‘s hair.

„That was so brave, honey.“ she whispered, and Will felt as if his chest could burst open. *It was okay.* Jonathan‘s tight grip on his shoulder did its part at reassuring Will of that, too. They didn‘t let go for a while, and it was nice, but Will was still grateful, when Mike‘s hand found its way into his, so when Joyce eventually pulled back, he didn‘t need further words to explain.

„I had a feeling.“ Jonathan was the first to comment. „How long?“

„Since summer.“ Mike spoke up for the first time. „Are you... I mean... okay with-“ Will knew how tight his mother tended to hug people she cared about, and he wasn‘t surprised, when her embrace knocked the wind out of Mike. He was surprised when she whispered something into the black-haired boy‘s ear, though, before letting him go. The feeling when Mike‘s arm snaked around Will was the best thing he‘d ever felt, now that they didn‘t have to hide anymore. He was pulling himself close to his *boyfriend*, in front of his mom and brother.

„So...“ Jonathan shrugged. „I should really get something done now. Hope you know how much of a catch my brother is, Mike.“ With that, he was gone. Judging by Mike‘s heavy blush, he was close to exploding. That quickly changed, when Joyce approached him again.

„I mean it.“ she whispered, this time loud enough for Will to hear. Next to him, Mike nodded just once, his expression more grateful than Will had ever seen him. „I‘m making pancakes for dinner, is that okay?“

„Pancakes for *dinner*?“ Will laughed. It was unbelievable how light he was feeling, like the weight of a world had been pulled off of him.

„This calls for a celebration.“ his mom said. „You boys go to the living room and relax. I‘ll call you in time.“

„Are you sure you don‘t want us to help?“ Mike tried, but Joyce just shushed them away from the kitchen, so they eventually settled back on the couch, this time just as close to each other as they wanted. Because now they could, without the fear of being judged. To Will, this was just that little bit of freedom, in a world that was against them. Something else was different now, though. It was hard to grasp at first, but once he understood, it became obvious. Now it was Mike leaning against Will, not the other way around. When Will turned to kiss him, he noticed how glassy his boyfriend‘s eyes had become.

„You okay?“ he murmured, to which Mike replied by nodding. „What did she tell you?“

„Nothing important.“ Mike sniffled, before he wiped his eyes with his sleeve. „Can‘t tell you right now.“ And Will didn‘t push him. Whatever his mom had said to Mike, it could wait. What couldn‘t wait, though was „I love you.“ Something Will was sure, would never lose its power, no matter how often he said it.

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It was much later. Probably already in the early morning hours. Will woke in his bed, curled into a warm embrace. His mind was hazy at first, but he soon remembered the scene that had unfurled right before they had gone to bed. How Mike had blushed at Joyce telling him, it was okay to share the bed with Will. How they had snuggled up under the blanket together. How he had fallen asleep to the sound and the feeling of Mike‘s warm breath against his neck. Now, though, Mike was restless in his sleep, which was probably what had woken Will up. He didn‘t know what to make of this. His boyfriend squirmed, breathing faster than usual, and Will decided it would be best to wake him up. It didn‘t take much, just some light shaking.

„Will?“ Mike‘s voice was sleepy and hushed in the dark.

„You okay?“ Will whispered. „Thought you had a nightmare.“ Mike took a while to answer.

„Yeah... no... I mean...“

„Was it about the-“

„No.“ Mike quickly interjected. „Nothing about last year. It was different.“

„You wanna talk about it?“

Mike shifted around in the sheets a bit, before coming closer to Will again. He still smelled like cookies and pancakes. „Not really.“

„Okay.“ Will sighed, making himself comfortable in Mike‘s arms again. „Wanna talk about something else then?“ As it turned out, Mike did. Will didn‘t keep track of time, when they jumped from topic to topic, wondering what they were gonna get for Christmas, making plans for New Year‘s, discussing their D&D character stats, until they fell silent in an unspoken agreement, that they should get one or two more hours of sleep before breakfast. Still, there was something lingering between them.

„You know...“ Mike sniffed. „...your mom said, if anyone ever gives me a hard time about... us... she wants me to come here.“ Will hadn‘t expected anything in the lines of that, but he understood. He knew the untold truth behind his mother‘s words, before Mike said it out loud. „My parents won‘t accept it. I mean... your mom couldn‘t say that, but it‘s the truth. I‘m gonna have to tell them some day.“

„We got time.“ Will shushed. „We‘re safe here.“

„Yeah.“ Mike agreed, his voice higher than usual. „It‘s gonna be okay.“

**Author's Note:**

I like comments. Did I mention that before?